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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The History of Forester

By JOHN PIKERING

Date of this the Earliest and only Known Edition 1567

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Vol. 92

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The History of Honestes

By JOHN PIKERING

1567

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The History of Thorestes

By JOHN PIKERING

1567

One copy only of this interlude is known to exist: that in the British Museum from which this facsimile reprint has been taken.

Likewise, of the Author nothing is known: he is not even mentioned in the D.N.B.

Mr. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original, says the most noticeable fault is that (in places) where any of the lettering from the other side of the leaf shows through in the original over-heavy printing exaggerates the effect, and leads often to letters and even whole words being blurred and illegible which are perfectly clear in the original.

Mr. Herbert earmarks as "rather too black, heavy, leading to an undue thickening of the strokes," the twelve following pages: Title; A. ii. v.; A. iii. r.; a word or two on A. iii. v.; and A. iv. r.; lines 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6 of A. iv. v.; the foot of B. i. v.; the first quarter of B. iii. r.; B. iv. r. and v.; E. iii. r.; and E. iv. r. The remaining twenty-eight pages faithfully follow the printing of the original and some signatures Mr. Herbert characterises as especially excellent reproductions—A. i. v.; C. i. r.; C. i. v.; D. iii. r.

JOHN S. FARMER.





A NEWE

Enterlude of Alice Conteyninge, the

Historie of Hoerles with the cruell
renegement of his Fathers death,
vpon his one naturall Father.
by John Bickerung.

The players names.

The Alice,	Clytemnestra.	Sodger.	Truthe.
Rusticus.	Hallterfyeke.	Robulle.	Fame.
Hodge.	Hempstryng.	Nature.	Perimione.
Hoerles.	Bestoz.	Woulfyon.	Deuotey.
Idumeus.	Penelaus.	Harrald.	Messenger.
Councell.	A woman.	Sodger.	Egeus.
			Commones.

The names deuised for di. to playe.

The first the Alice and Nature. and Deuotey. 3.

1. Rusticus. Idumeus. 1. Sodger. Penelaus. & Robulle. 5.

2. Hodge. Counsell. Messenger. Bestoz. & Commones. 5.

3. Hoerles. a woman. & Prologue. 1.

4. Hallterfyeke. Sodger. Egeus. Harrald. Fame. Truth
and Idumeus. 7.

5. Hempstryng. Clytemnestra. Woulfyon. & Perimione. 4.

Printed at London in Fleetstreete, at the
signe of the Falcon by William Giffith. and
are to be solde at his shoppe in S. Dunstons
Churchyard. Anno. 1567.





The Wyce.



Wyra nay soft, what: let me see,
 God morowe to you syz, how do you fare:
Sante a men. I thincke it wyll be.
 the next day in þ mozing, befoze I com thear
 Well sozwarde I wyll, soz to pzeare,
 Some weapons & armour, þ catines to quell,
 Ille teache the hurchetes, agayne to rebell.
 Rebell: ye syz, how sage you there to?
 What: you had not beste their partes to take:
 Houlde the content soole, and do as I do,
 Or elles me chaunce, your pate soz to ake.
 We and thats moze, soz seare thou shalt quake,
 Befoze Hozeffes, when in good south be,
 Shall arryue in this lande, reuenged to be:
 Well sozwarde I wyll, thynges to pouruaye,
 In good south soz the iuares, as I shall thincke good.
 Farre well good man dotterell, and marke what I saye,
 Or eles it may chaunce you, to seke a new hond:
 pou would eate no moze cakkead, I thinke then by þ roud,
 If that, that same poulle from your shoulderdes were hent,
 pou would thincke you were yll, if so you were hent,

Rustycus.

Chyll neuer naboze hodge, haue a glade harte,
 Tyll Egistous the kynge, hath soz his desarte:
 Receiued belo punnyshment, soz this well I knowe,
 Hozeffes to Crete, with *Idumeous* dyd go.
 When his sather was Rayne, by his Mother most yll,
 And therfoze I thyncke, that com heather he wyll:
 And reuenge the inturey, of his mother most opare,
 wastinge our land wth þ woze, and wth vyare.

Hodge.

Jesu nabo, wth vyar and þ woze: saye you so:
 By gys nabo, chyll saue one I tro:
 For iche haue smaull good, by gise soz to lose.
 And therfoze iche care not, how euer it gosc.
 But chyll not be playne, chyll loue nothinge woze,
 Chyll neuer be bournt, soz the mony in my pourse,

A. ij.

Iche

Hear en-
 crypted Ru-
 stycus, &
 hodge.

A New Enterlude.

Iche haue small roudbookes, and sobyers I kno,
Wll robbe the riche choles, and let the pooze knaues go.
Wyce.

A syre, no lve stepe, and pause their a whyle,
Be not to hasty, but take all the daye:
Be God I am wearey, with comming this myle,
And hauing no money, my horse beare to paye.
Wll ho how, I rode on my fete, all the waye,
Iesu what ground, since yester day at none,
Hane I gut thozow, with this pare of shoue.
Rusticus.

Nayboz hodge, be goge hatche none I beare,
That this lttell houghet, the debaunce doth beare.
Come let vs go, and of him in good south:
We wll conquear out, the berey truth.

Purchyt, goges oundes gyffe with a wyngon,
At you so lousley, in sayth good man clound:
Dundes, hart, and nayles, this is a scanlon,
Ile teache you to scoute me, I hould you a pounce.
That it weare not, in sayth soz my gound:
It wll I be knoe but, yet soz all that.

Fight

Hodge.
Hould good master, you mare my new hat.

Wyce.
Ha, ha, be, mar his hat quoth he: thear was all his thought:
Tout tout, soz the blase he set not a pen:
That garment is dyer, that with blase is bought,
Wll leres to in treat me, lpth you begyn:
I am contentyd, my blade now shall in.
But tell me syres tell me no whearefoze of me:
The cause on this sozt, your taulkynge should be.

Rusticus.
By gis and lche chyll master, soz all my great payne,
Of this matter to you to tell the beary playne:
My nayboz hodge and I, in good south,
Not hear in the belde, I tell you the truth:
Now as we wear talkinge, marke what I saye.

You





Of Wyce.

You came in straight, and of vs cross the waye.
Which thinge for iartyn. when I dyd espye,
This fancey blounght, in my head by and by:
And to hodge I sayde that, by gys I dyd beare,
That your maffhypp, good master the debyaunce doth beare,
And he cause you weare lytell, and of stature but smaul:
Your person a hounchet, in sayth I dyd caull.
But by gys be contentyd, boz thyll neuer more,
Obvend you a gaine, but cham zoey thearuoze.

Wyce.

If they weare not twayne, I cared not a poynt,
But two is to meynen, the ploverbe douth tell:
Elles be his oundes, I would sobard this loynt,
And teache them agaynst me, againe to rebelle:
That I wear abull, the knaves boz to quell,
Then would I tryomphe, passinge all measure.

Hodge.

Zentyll man zentyll man, at your othere pleasures:
In sayth we be, and thearuoze we praye,
What they name, is to vs boz to jape.

Wyce.

My name would ye kno, marcey you shauld,
Harke frynde; fourst to the I wyll it declares
Master pacience master pacience, many on doth me caull;
But com heather nabor hodge, thou must haue a share.
By gys unto the I wyll not spare,
The same fox to sholwe, whearfoze my frend,
My name is pacience if thou it perpend.

Hodge.

Past shame? Godes go nabor past shame?
By godes go nabor, thates a tryccom name.

Wyce.

Tell a mare a tall, and shyll gerd out a fart
Se how the as my wordes, douth my stake,
Would it not anger a saynt at the hart:
To se what a scoffe of my name, he douth make:
O oundes of me, as fill as a stake.
He standith, nought caring what of him may be tye,

A New Enterlud.

We his woundes, I woud haue a arme, or a syde.
 Sought let me se, it is best to be still,
 Good sleepinge in a hole skynne, ould soules do saye,
 Not withstanding I wis, ill haue myne owne wyll.
 Saye I wyll be reuenged, by his oundes and I maye,
 Syra you good man Rusticus, marke what I saye:
 Marke in thine eare man, this dyd I see,
 A hogg of thyne wearpd to be.

Rusticus.

Godes gee maister patience, I praye you me tell,
 What hozsen chozles doge, my hogge so dyd quell:
 Iche sware by gise, and holpe saynt blyue,
 Chyll be swinge him, and ich be a lyue,
 By godes de cham angry, and not well content,
 Chould ha wear heat, chould make him repent.
 Ich had rather geuen, boze stryke of cozne,
 Then to had my hogge on this wyse forlozne;
 But if I knewe whous dogge chould be,
 Reuenged well inough iche warrent the.

Wyce.

Ha, ha, he, by god Rusticus, I maye saye in no game,
 I knowe the person, whose dogge so did slaye:
 The hogge spee the man, it was a bearey shame,
 For the nayboz hodge, to let it by this daye.
 Well I wyll go to him, and se if I maye,
 By any meanes procure him, to make the amendes;
 Alle do the best I can, to make you both frendes.

Rusticus.

Chyll be no frendes, chad rather be hanged,
 Wyll iche haue that ould be karle, wel and thysteley hanged,
 And tweare not your mashepppe, dyd me with hould,
 To swinge the ouchet, iche chould be bould,

Wyce.

Ha, ha, he, nay, nay, spare not for me,
 Go to it stragght, if thear to ye gre,

Rusticus.

Hodge I harde saye, thou illy, hast wrought,
 For my hogge vnto death, with thi dog thou haste brought
 Iche



Of Wyce.

Iche byd the thy baute, to me to amend.

O chyll swaddell the, iche swears in my hat end.

Hodge.

Swaddell me godes get: chyll care not a poynte.

Iche haue a good bat, thy bones to a noynte:

Thou olde carle I zaye, thy hoge hurtyd me,

And therfore I wyll haue, a mendes now of the.

My rye and my otes, my beanes and my pease,

They haue eaten by quight, but small for my ease:

And therfore iche zaye, all thy hogges kepe vasse.

O iche wyll them weare, as longe as they lasse.

By godes get, I can neuer come in my ground,

But that zame wyne, in my pease iche haue founds.

Wyce.

Tout tout Rusticus, these wordes be but wynd

To him man, to him, and swaddell him well:

We neuer leaue him, as longe as thou can fynd

Him whot, but teache him, a gaine to rebell,

Whar nedest thou to care, though his wordes be so fell,

Tout tout tharte vnwyse, and followe my mynde:

And I warraunt the in end, some ease thou shalt fynde.

Rusticus.

Godes ge hourson hoge, paye me for my swine,

Oz eles lerne to kepe, that cockescome of thyne.

Hodge.

Godes de, do thy worst, I care not a poynte,

Chyll paye the none, chyll tohard a toynte.

Wyce.

Pay stand I styll some what, I wyll lend,

Take this for a reward, now a waye I must wend.

Rusticus.

O Godes get, cham swinged so sore,

Iche thinke chaul neuer lyne one houre more.

Hodge.

O godes ge I thinke, my betones will in jander,

Yf ich get home by gis, ittes a wounder:

Farwell Rusticus, for by gis ich chaul,

Whan I mett the againe, bezyngs the bod all.

A. iii.

Rusticus

Thy wylth
thy staf, &
he readye
to smyte,
but hodge
smitt first,
and let h
bise thwa
cke them
both and
run out.

A New Enterlad.

Rusticus.

Paye less be frendes, and chyll in good part,
Of howne ale at my house, giue the a whole whart:
What hodge make houndes, mon be mercey and locke,
By godes ge lchchd met, the best end of the stace.

Hodge.

go out

Cham content naybor Rusticus, shall be ene so,
Come to the house, I praye the let vs go.

Hodges.

Entrich.

To cauld to mnde the crabyd rage of mothers yll attempt
Prouokes me now all pyttie quight, from me to be exempt:
Yet lo dame nature tries me that, I must with willing mind
For giue the saute and to pytie, some what to be inclynd.
But lo be hould that billes dame, on hourdome mozder bill
Hath heaped by not contented, her sponaute bed to spyll:
With soxayne lone but sought also, my sacal thred to share
As erst before my fathers spyll, in sonder she dyd pare.
O paterne lone. why double thou so, of pytye me request,
Synth thou to me wast quight denyed, my mother being prest:
When tender yeres this corpe of mine, did hould alas for wo
This frend my mother shuld haue bin the was she chefe my fo
Oh godes therfore sith you be inst, unto whose poure & myll.
All thing in heauen, and earth also: obaye and sarue vntyll.
Declare to me your gracious mind, shall I reuenged be,
Of good kynge Agamemnon's death, ye godes declare to me
Oh shall I let the, adulteres dame, spyll wallow in her sin,
Oh godes of war, gide me a right, when I shall war begyn.

Wyce.

Warre quoth he, I swar in dede, and trye it by the. swayde,
God saue you sy, the godes to ye: haue sent this kind of word
That in the hault you armour take, your fathers lose to daye
And I as gyde with you shall go, to gyde you on the way.
By me thy mind ther wathful done, shalbe perfozmd in dede
Therfore Hodges marke me well, & sozward do pzoceede.
For to reueng thy fathers death, soz this they all haue ment
Which thing soz to demonstrat lo, to the they haue sent me,

Hodges.

At you good sy, the messenger of godes as you do saye

Will

Of Wyce.

Will they in reuenging this wrong, I make not long delay.

Wyce.

What nede you dout, I was in heauen, whē at þe gods did gre
That you of Agamemnon death, for south reuengid should be,
Wout tene, put of that childish loue, couldest thou w a good wyl
Contentyd be: that one should so, they father seme to kyll.
Why waylst þe man, leaue of I say, plucke courage vnto thee.
This lamentation sone shall fade, if thou imbrazedest me.

Hozestes

What is thy name may I in queare of sacrid wight I pray
Declare to me & why this feare, do not my hart dismaye.

Wyce.

Amonge the gods celestiall, I Courage called am,
Vnto aspyse in bearey truth, from out the heauens I cam
And not wout god Mars his leaue, I durst hear show my face
Which thou shalt fele if that ther gilt thou dost sozthw imbraz

Hozestes

And sith it is their gracions will, welcom thou art to me,
O hely wight for this thear gyft, I thanke them hartelley.
My thyntes I fele all feare to flye, all sorrow griesse & payne,
My thyntes I fele courage prouokes, my wyl for ward againe
For to reuenge my fathers death, and infamey so great,
Oh how my hart doth boyle in dede, w fery perching heate.
Courage now welcom by the gods, I find thou art in dede,
A messenger of heauenly gostes, come let vs now procede.
And take in hand to bynge to pas, reuengyd for to be,
Of those which haue my father slaine, but soft now let me se
Idumeus that woorthy kinge, doth com into this place,
What sape you courage: shal I now declare to him my case

Wyce.

I aull to it then and slacke no tyme, for tyme once past away,
Doth cause repentence, but to late to com old soules do say.
When stede is stolen, to late it is to hyt the stable doze,
Take time I say, whyle tyme doth gine a leasure god therfore

Idumeus.

What enen he be that sceptar beares o2 rules in state full ble
Is sonest down thzough so2tymes eyar, & bzought to myserey,
As of late yeaeres the wo2thy kinge Agamemnon by name,

W. J.

Whose

A piewe Enterlab.

whos prais throughout þ world is blou, by golde trip of fame
 His wel won fame in marshall Cour, doth reache vnto þ sky
 Yet lo through fortunes blind attempt, he lo in earth doth lie
 He þ had past the fate of war, where chaunce was equall set,
 Though fortunes spight is caught alacke, win olde Meros net
 And he which somtyme did delight, in clothed coat of mayle,
 Is now constraind in Carones boate; ouer the brouke to saylle;
 That floe vpon þ satall bankes, of Plutose kingdome great
 And that in shade of silent wodes, and balces greene do beate.
 Yet here sonles of kinges & other mights a poynted are to be,
 In quiet state there also is this worthey reall tree
 Of south I lope so to behold, Hozelles adyue cheare,
 The which in father somtyme was, in son doth now appear,
 But where is he that all this day, I neuer sawe his face,

Hozelles.

Renll do
 wne. At hand O King thy seruant is, which wisheth to thy grace
 All hayl with happy fate certayne, w pleasures many souls,
 But yet my leege a sute I haue, if I might be so bold.
 To craue the same my soverayn lord, wherby I might asper
 Vnto the thing with very much, O king I do requier.

Idumeus.

What thing is that if we suppose, it lafull so to be,
 On ppyces faith without delaye, it shall be giuen the.

Wye.

Wout let him alone now, we may in good south,
 I was not so tatter, my pourpose to get:
 But now of my honestey, I tell you of truth,
 In reuenging the wronge, his wynd he hath set:
 It is not Idumeus that hath poure to let.

Hozelles fro seeking his mother to kyll,
 Wout let hym alone, he de haue his owne wyll.

Hozelles.

With that your grace hath willed me, this my desire to shew,
 Oh gracions king this thing it is, I let your grace to know
 That long I haue request to be, my fathers kingley place,
 And eke so to reuenge the wronge done to my fathers grace
 Is myne intent wherfore o king, graunt that wout delaye
 My earptage and honoz eke, atchpyue agayne I maye.

Step

Youngeus.
 Step their a while Hojestes mine, tyll counsell do decree?
 The thing that shall onto your state, most honorabell be:
 My counseller how do you thinke, let vs your counsell haue:
 How thinke you by this thing, which Hojestes now doth waue?
 As I do thinke my soverayne lord, it should be nothing ill,
 A worce for to reuenged be, on those which so dyd kill,
 His fathers: grace but rather shal, it be a feare to those,
 That to the like at any time, their cruell mindes dispose:
 And also as I thinke it shall, an honor be to vs,
 To aduocate and helpe him, with some men reuenged to be:
 This do I thinke most fyrest for, your state and his also:
 Do as you lyst sith that your grace, my mind herin doth know.

Youngeus.

Sith Counsell thinke it fyt in ded, reuenged for to be,
 That you Hojestes in good south, for to reuenge I gee.
 And also to mayntayne your war, I graunt you w god will,
 A thousand men of stomake holde, your enemye to kill.
 Take them forth with, & forthward go, let slyp no tyme ne tye.
 For chaunce to leasure to be bound, I tell you can not bye.
 So therfore straight prouide your men, & like a manly knight
 In place of stouer put forth thy selfe, assay w all thy might.
 No twin the same, for glorey none, in chary bering doth rest
 Marke what I saye to get thy men, I take it for thy best.

Apce.

Com on Hojestes sith thou hast, obtayned thy desier.
 Out tout man, seke to destroye, as doth the flaming fier:
 Whose properte thou knowest doth grow, as long as any thing
 Is left wher by the same may seme, com suchcoz for to bring.

Hojestes.

I thanke your grace I shal sequest, your gratus mind herin.

Apce.

So se I praye you how he toyle, that he must war begin. **Go out.**

Youngeus.

My counsell now declare to me, how thinke you by this wight **Go out.**

Doth not he seme in south to be, in tyme a maylen knight.

By all the godes I thinke in south, a man may ealely know.

W. H.

whose

A New Enticement.

Whose son he was, so right he with his fathers steppes follow
Councell.

Undoubtedly my soferapnd lozde, he semeth unto me
For to request his fathers steppes, in feates of cheualrey.
But rather for to imitate, the flour of greatson land,
I meane Achilles that same knight, by whose one only hand
The Grecians haue obtained at last the request of old Troy.
For which they did hold 8. yeres space, their laboꝝ great employ
Ioumeus.

For he is gon for to pursue, such thinges as shall in deue,
Suffise to sarue his fount in warres, wherof he that haue made
Yet he depart and when he shall, retourn heaꝝet a gape.
To see the multoꝝ of his men, we will sure take the payne.

Go out.

Valterfyr.

The Songe.

Enter the
e syngeth
this song
to þ tune
of haue o
uer þ wa-
ter to flo-
ride oꝝ se-
lengers
round.



Arre well adew, that courtlyche hys,
To warre we tend to gove:
It is good spoz to se the styfe,
Of sodgers on a rove.

How mereley they forwarde march,
These enemies to slaye:

With hey tym and tryre to,

Their banners they dysplaye.

How shall we haue the Golden cheeres,

When others want the same:

And sodgers haue soull maney feates,

Their enemies to tame.

With couchinge heare, and bomynge thair,

They breake thear rose araye:

And loutrey lades amid the felers,

Thear ensines do dysplaye.

The broum and flute playe loutreley,

The troumpet blose a mayne:

And ventrous knightes corragionley,

Do march befoze thear trayne:

With speare in rest so spurely they,

In armour byghte and gaye:

With hey tym and tryre to,

Thear





Heare banners they displaye.

Hempstinge.

Goges oundes halterfische, what makes thou heare, Hempstinge.

What? Jacke hempstinge wol com, and he means and soon meth in e

By his oundes I haue soughte the some nethe the to tell, Hempstinge.

Godes bloud what nate, is the denell in bells, Hempstinge.

In sayth thou art master, but this is the nation, Hempstinge.

Doult thou hear halterfische, each man hath clatter, Hempstinge.

Of warres, ye of warres, so, Hoptes well go, Hempstinge.

His crytage to wye, hope the truth is so, Hempstinge.

Pay but Jacke hempstinge scale of this pate, Hempstinge.

If thou caull me boye, then beware the gate, Hempstinge.

What should thy price, as far as I see, Hempstinge.

Woe be hope both thearfore let be gre, Hempstinge.

Woe naye be god, though I be but small, Hempstinge.

poet Jacke hempstinge, a hart is worth all, Hempstinge.

And haue not I an hart, that to warres dare go, Hempstinge.

Jacke hempstinge I warrant the, & that thou shouldst know, Hempstinge.

If dyke halterfisches mynde, thou moue into eyar, Hempstinge.

Colles neauer bourne, tyll they be set one fyre, Hempstinge.

We but if they bourne, so that they came, Hempstinge.

Yet water dyke halterfische, the bourning cane tame, Hempstinge.

But hark the, my master will venter a toyne, Hempstinge.

And me to wayte on him, he all readye both poynt, Hempstinge.

But hearste thou, thou knowest my master loues well, Hempstinge.

Now and then to be shappinge, at some dayntye moell, Hempstinge.

But by goges bloud halterfische, is this done me, Hempstinge.

Take some pytrey wenche out laundzar to be, Hempstinge.

And be goges bloud, I am contented to leave, Hempstinge.

Halfe of her chargis, when that she comes thear, Hempstinge.

Wit.

Halterfische.

A speche Enterlud.

Haulterfliche.

As yet for the warre, Jacke hempstringe thou art,
In sayth as abe, is to drawe a ratte.
He is lyke to be manned, that hath such a knight,
Under his banner, I sweare for to fight.
When Hozelles in fight, moste bussett shal be,
Then with thy gyner, we must seke the
Hempstringe.

Goges oundes, hart, and nayles, you are a scoundrell,
Come of with a myschies, wygontell companion.
By your sone the haulterfliche, I thinke that a ho,
As good a soper as ever was yet.

Haulterfliche.

He hath learned his lesson, but of south I feare,
He hath quight forgotten, the swape for to sweare.

Dundes, hart, and nayles, wroth he is not,
And he be not hanged, he will be hark, with
Hempstringe.

Hange me no hanginge, yf ye be so quicke,
Koube not to hard, lest hempstringe do lyche.

Haulterfliche.

Had better be styll, and a slepe in his head,
Yf a kyche me, me chaunce to breake his head.

Hempstringe.

Goged bloud good man halterfliche, begine you to flout me.

Haulterfliche.

Do not at all be douth but lout ye.

What hempstringe I saye, are you angred at lesse.

In sayth goodman lobcocke, your handfomley drest,
on p lips

Hempstringe.

Goges bloud so to flout me, thou art musbe to blame.

Haulterfliche.

Why all that I do man, is but in game.

Hempstringe.

Take thou that for thy lesse, and flout me no more,
a bor on p
eare

Halterfliche.

For that same on blome, thou shalt have a scowry,
Drawe thy sword bylone, yf thou be a man.

And

And then do the worst, that ever thou can.

Fight at
 hostes in
 sylles

I haue replyd the well, but I haue the a groote sinne committed
 I know the deuil lieth in me. I will damage thy catt, & thy shee
 And thou shalt say to thyne of thyne of thyne of thyne of thyne
 In this I must say, I haue sought the wood, & the stone
 But I will be reuenged, or else I shall bournie.
 If thine eye not call me, from hence to depart, I shall
 I should anger the temptings, & the harts, & the
 Therefore for the lyell an other dayes, I shall be
 With haue thou take this, to spend by the way, & the
 I shall be in the temptings, & the harts, & the
 Pages banded to be got, & after I will, & the
 And of the slave by his oundes, I will haue my foll, & the

Horesses.
 Oh godes be prosperous I praye, & eke preserve my hand,
 Show now thy be gods in de, stretch out your mighty hand
 And glite vs hartes & willes alle, where by we may praye
 And suffer not you godes I praye; our discouragis to sayle
 But let our hartes addepyd be, for aye as we present,
 And of that vile adulteres damne, oh gods now make an end.
 Spy haue do thyppst her blod to haue; nought can my mynd content
 Till y on her I haue perfourmed, oh gods your iust iudgmēt
 Nature.

spay they my child to mothers blood to pay to the bloody has stand by.

Do nought at all of nature can, my purpose not withstand,
Shall I for giue my fathers death, my hart can not agre
My father layne in such a softe, and sweet euenged to be.

And of my fathers death againe, o Nature do thou louke.

A new Interlude.

I do confesse a wycked facte, it is that this is most playne,
 Not withstandig fro mothers bloud, thou must thy hand restrain
 Canst thou a lacke unhappy wyght, consent reuenged to be,
 On her whose pappes before this tyme, hath giuen foud to the
 In whom nature formed thee, as best I thought, it good,
 Oh now requyght her for her paine, who saw thy handes blood
 Bozestes.

Will he offendith þe loue of god, & eke mans loue wth willing harte
 Must by þe loue haue punishment, as wytep due for his delat
 For me therfor to punyssh deare, as law of gods & mā doth wil
 Is not a crime though þe I do, as thou hast said my mother hel
 Nature.

The cruel beastes þe raue in felbes whose lause to blod at whet
 Do not consent their mothers paunch, in cruell wise to eat
 The tyger fierse doth not desiare, the ruine of his kinde,
 And shall dame nature now in the, such tyraney once finde,
 As not the cruell bestes voutlate, to do in aney case,
 Leue now I say Bozestes myne, & to my woordes giue place,
 Lest that of men this fate as thine, may iudged for to be:
 Be laue in south, ne iustys eke, but cruell tyraney.

Bozestes.
 Wythagozas doth thinke it lo: not tyraney to be,
 When that iustys sells mynestryd, as laue and godes decre:
 If that the law doth her condemn as worthy death to haue,
 Oh nature woulst thou wil þe I, her life should seme to saue
 To saue her lyfe whom law doth slay, is not iustise to do,
 Therefore I saye I wyll not yeld, they bestes to com vnto,
 Nature.

If nature cannot byddell the, remember the decaye,
 Of those which hereto fore in south, their parerts sought to slay
 edippus fate, caull thou to minde, that slew his father so,
 And eke remember now what same, of him a byode doth go.

Bozestes.
 What same doth blowe I fozle not I, ne yet what same I haue
 For this is true þe bloud for bloud, my fathers deht doth crane
 And laue of goden, & laue of man, doth eke requyte þe same,
 Therefore oh nature sease to praye, I fozle not of my name.

O Myre.

Nature.

For to lament this heauy fate, I cannot other do.
A lacke a lacke that once my chyld, should now consent vnto:
His mothers death wherfore farewell, I can no longer stay. **Go out.**

Hozelles.

Farewel dame Nature to my men. I straight will take my way. **Go out.**

Idumeus.

To se this mouster let vs go, for I suppose it tyme,
Wher here is Hozelles why kease her the truth to me define: **Enter.**

Councell.

Oh soferayne lord me thinks I here, him for to be at hand
Yf please your grace, he is in sight, euen now withal his hand. **Let h dzu playe.**

Idumeus.

Com on Hozelles we haue stayd, your mouster for to se. **Let h dzu playe & enter Hozelles.**

Hozelles.

And now at hand my men and I, all redy armed be.
No mighty king this champions here, agre with me to wende hand mar
Oh gracious king that they shall so, wyle please you chdissent the a bout the stage,

Idumeus.

I do agre and now awhyle, giue eare your king vnto,
It doth behouise corragious knightes, on this wyse for to do.
That is to stryue for to obtayne, the victorey and prayse,
That lasts for aye, when death shal end, h find of these our daies
Wherfore be bold, & feare no fate, the gods for you shall fight
For they be iust and will not se, that you in case of right.
Shall be distresst wherfore attend, and do your bussey payne,
The crabed rage of enmyse, by force for to restrayne.
And as to me your trustynes, hath here to fore be knowne,
So now to this Hozelles here, let eke the same be showane.
Be to his beastes obaydient, be skoute to take in hand,
Such enterpryse which he shal thinke, most for his state to stand
Which if you do the same is poures, the glorey and renowne,
That shal arise of this your facts, throughout h world shal sound
The which you may I pray the godes, your gydes here in to be
And now farewell but not that well, that I haue sayde to ye.

Godpreces.

The godes preserve your grace for aye, & you defend from wo
That we haue don as you commaund, sal wel your grace shall stand

C. s.

Idumeus

A New Enterlud.

Idamcus.

Now hearken Hozelles sith thou must, of men the gooder be,
And that the will of godes it is, thou must now part from me,
Take yet my last commaundement, & beare it in thy minde,
Let now they men courragiousnes, in the their captayne finde
And as thou art courragious, so lyke wyse let thes be,
For safegard of thy men a bryne, well fraught with pollicpe.
For quer rashe in doinge ought, both often damage brynge,
Wherefore take counsell first befoze, thou dost anye thinge.
For counsell as Plato doth tell, is sure a heauenly thinge.
And Socrates a certayne doth say, counsell doth brynge.
As shinges in dout for Lynx sayes, no man shall him repent,
That hath befoze he worked ought, his tyme in counsell spent
And be thou lybzaull to thy men, and gentell be also,
For y way at thy wil thou mayst, haue them throug fire to go
And be that shall at any tyme, deserue ought well of the,
Suffer him not for to depart, tyll well reward he be.
Thus have you hard Hozelles mine, remembar well the same
In doing thus you shall pourchas, to the immortall same.
The which I hope you wyll assaye, for to achise in dede,
The gods the blis when in h war, thou sozward shalt pcede.

Hozelles.

I thanke your grace and now of you, my leues I here do take

Idamcus.

Embrace him
Kys him.
Farwell my some Hozelles I, thy partinge yll shall take,
Yet eare thou go let me embrace, the once I the do praye,
A lacke alacke that now from me, thou must nedes part away
Yet whypell thou art in ptesent place, receaue of me this kys,
Farwell god knight for now I shal, thy swete embrasings mys

Hozelles.

The sacred godes preserue and saue, thy state oh king I praye,
And send the helth and after death, to rayne with him for aye.
Come on my men, let vs depart,

Godpers

March about and go out.
As please your grace with all our hart.

Idamcus.

Ah ah hee, grievous is his parting up, my counsell onto me
The gods his blis & send him helth, I pray them hartely

FINIS

110

Of Ulyce.

Who worth the time the day and our, now may Hozelles wayle
And Clytemnestra may lament, that so she dyd assaile.
His father deare for now on bloud, Hozelles mind is set,
And to reuenge his fathers death, sure nought ther is can let.
In bopding of a mischefe smal, they haue wzought their decay
For now nought elles in Hozelles, but soze reueng bears sway
Councell.

For to causes my soferayne lord, reuengment ought to be,
The on least others be in seate, with that, that they shall se.
Their princes do, the other is, that those that now be yll,
May be reuoked and may be taught, for to subde to their will,
Plato a wyse phylosopher, dyd thinke it for to be,
A Wynceley faute when as a King, shall punnishe serlouley,
Such persons as dyd trayne their lyfe, to follo w y was naught
y which their pvice at any time, shal by mischaunce haue wzought
Protegens an euell kinge, a carrayne lphones to,
Which all the place about the same, to winke causeth to do.
Wherefore a king if that her faute, should vnteuenged be,
A thousand euylles would insu, their of your grace should se.
Her faute is great and punnyshment, it is worthy for to hane,
For by that meane the good in south, frd dūgers may be saue
For to the vnyuersall scoll, of all the world we knowe,
Is once the pallace of a kinge, where byces these do flow.
And as to waters from on head, and fountayne oft do spring.
So byce and vertue oft do fls; from pallace of a kinge.
Wherby the people seing that, the kinge adpte to be,
To prosecute the lyke, they all do laboz as we se.
Wherefore the gods haue wyllid thus, Hozelles for to take,
His iozney and a recompence, for fathers death to make.

Idumens.

Sith gods haue wylid the same to be, god lucke y gods him send,
Com on my counsell now from hence, we purpose for to wend.

Egilus.

Go out.



As was it not a worthy sight,
Of Venus childe kinge Priams sonne.
To steale from Crese a Lady bryght,
For whom the wares of Troie began,
Naught fearinge daunger that might saull.

C. H.

Enter E.
gilus &
Clytēne.
fra, sing.
Lady inge this

songe, to
þ tune of
king Sa-
lomon.

A pewe Enterlud.

Lady ladie.
From Grece to Trope, he went wth all,
O my deare Lady.

Clytemnestra.

When Paris firste arriued there,
Where as dame Venus woorthyp is:
And bloustringe same abroade dyd beare,
His lyeley fame she dyd not mys.
To Helena for to repayre,

Her for to tell:

Of prayse and shap so trym and fayre,
That dyd excell.

Egistus.

Her beaultie caused Paris payne,
And bare chiefe sweye with in his mynde:
No thinge was abell to restraine,
His wyl some waye fourth for to finde.
Where by he might haue his despyre,
Lady ladye:

So great in him was Cupids fyre,
O my deare ladye.

Clytemnestra.

And eke as Paris dyd despyre,
Fayre Helena for to possesse:
Her hart inflamd with lyke fyre,
Of Paris loue despiard no lesse,
And found occasion him to mete,

In Cytheron.

Where each of them the other dyd gette,
The least bypon.

Egistus.

Of that in Paris Cupides shafte,

O Clytemnestra toke such place:

That tyme ne waye he neuer left,

Till he had gotte her comley grace,

I thinke my chaunce not ill to be

Lady ladye.

That bent to lye to purchace pe,





Of Troye.

My dere ladye.

Clytemnestra.

Myngre Priames sonne loued not so soze,
The gretian dame they brothers wyfe:
But she his person esteemed moze,
Not for his sake sauinge her lyfe.

Which caused her people to be slayne,
With him to dye.

And he requight her loue a gayne,
Apost faythfull ye.

Egistus.

And as he recompence agayne,
The fayre quene Hellyn for the same;
So whyle I lyue I wyll take payne,
My wyll alwayes to yours to frame,
Syth that you haue voutsafe to be,

Ladye ladye.

A Queene and ladye vnto me,

My deare ladye.

Clytemnestra.

And as she louyd him best whyle lyfe,
Wyd last so tend I you to do:
If that deuoyd of warr and stryfe,
The Godes shall please to graunt vs to,
Syth you voutsafest me for to take,

My good knyght:

And me thy ladye for to make,

My hartes delyghte.

Egistus.

As toyfull as the swarthy god is Venus to behoulde,
So is my hart replete with loye, much moze a thousand soules
My Lady deare in that I do, posses my hartes delyghte,

What menes this sound for very much, it doth my hart assight

Clytemnestra.

Fear nought at all Egistus myne, no hurt it doth pretend,
But lo me thinkes a messenger, to be heather doth wend.

Messenger.

The Gods ptesarue your equall state & send you of their blys

Exit.

Clytemnestra.

Let þe true
pet blowe
with in.

enter.

A Acte Enterlude.

Clytemnestra.

Welcom good messenger what newes, I pray the with the is
messenger.

Yf please your grace even now there is, argued in this land
The mightey knight Hozelles with, a mightey pelwasit band
Who purposith soz to inuade, this Mycene Citie stronge,
And as he goese he leyse both towre, and castell all alonge,
Yt houtes no man defence to make, soz yf he wyl not yeld,
By sodperes rage he straight is slayne, in mydest of the felde.

Go out.

Clytemnestra.

Ah syz is he come in dede, he is wellcom by this daye,
Egistus now in south w spede, from hence take you your way.
In to our realme and take by men, our tyg beull to defend,
Yll your retourne this Citie I, to kepe do sure intend.
For all his strength he shall not get, to enter once hear in,
The walles be strong and soz his losse, I sure set not a pyll.

Enter a

Egistus.

woman,
lyke a be-
get roun-
ning be-
soze they
sodier but
let the so-
dier speke
first, but
let y wo-
man crye
first. piti-
fulley.

Yth you be abell to defend, this Citie as you saye,
Farwell in south to get me men, I now will take my waye.
And sone againe I will retourne, his pampyd pyd to tame,

Clytemnestra.

Farwell Egistus and in south, I straght will do the same,

Sodper.

Yeld the I saye and that by and by,
Wz with this sword, in sayth thou shalt dye.

Woman.

Oh with a good will, I yeld me to the,
Good master sodier, haue merce on me.
My husband thou hast slayne, in most cruell wyse,
Yet this my prayer, do now not despyse.

Sodier.

Come on then in hall, my prisoner thou art,
Come followe me I saye, we must nedes depart.

Woman.

A howan slaye I will teach the in saye,
To handle a woman on, An other waye.
To put me in feare, with out my departh.
I will teach the in saye to playe such a parte.

Sodper

Wylke.

Godper.

We contentyd good woman, and thou shalt be,
Heauer heare after molysted for me.

Woman.

Paye byllyn slane, a meynste thou shalt make,
In that thou be soze me as prysinoz dydest take.
Powe I haue cought the, and my prysoner thou art,
By his oundes hozson slane, this gose to thy harte.

Godper.

Paye saue my lyfe, soz I wyll be,
Thy prysoner and lo I yelde me to the.

Woman.

Come twend thou with me, and thy wepon thou shalt haue,
Syth that thou voutsafyste, my lyfe soz to saue.

Wylke.



Land backeye slepyng sakes at home,

And let me go.

Howe Ie knowe am I a monie,

Wylke saye you so.

Tout tout, you dare not come in selde,

Foz seare you shoulde the gosse by yelde.

Wylke blost, he gose, the gunne shot flye,

It seares, it seares, and thei both lye.

A houndzeth in a moment be,

Distroyed quight:

Soz saue in sayth of you shoulde soz,

The gunne shot lyght.

To quake soz seare you woulde not stente,

When as by tose of gounshots vente.

The rankes in raze, are tooke awaye,

As pleaseth fortune oft to playe.

But in this stower who beares the same,

But onley I:

Reuenge, Reuenge, wyll haue the name,

Wylke wyll dge.

I spare no wyght, I seare none yll,

But with this blade I wyll them yll.

Foz when myne eayze, is set on fyre,

I rap them, I snap them, that is my despayre.

take his
weapons
e let him
ryle by e
then go
out both.
Enter.
the Wylke
synginge
this song
to y tune
of the Pa
ynter.

Farwell

A New Enterlud.

Farwell a delo to wares I muste

In all the hast.

My cosen cutpurse wyll I truste,

Your purse well tast,

But to it man, and feare soz nought,

We sape to the it is well fraught.

With ruddoches red be at a becke,

Go out. Beware the arse, bzeake not thy necke,

Hozelles.

Hozelles. Come on my sodgers soz at home, aryued therē we be,

entrueth w. Whē here as we must haue our despayre, oꝛ els dye manfulley.

his hande. The walles be hye yet I intend, bypon them first to go,

& marche. And as I hope you sodiers will, your capayne eke follow

th about. If I soz sake to go befoze then slep you eke be hynde,

the stage. And as I am so eke I trust, my sodgers soz to finde.

Com hether harauld go proclame this mine intēt straightway

To ponder citte say that I, am come to their decaye.

Unlesse they yeld I wil destrope, boch man woman & childe,

And eke their towres that soz the war, so strongly they do hyde

Byd them in hast to yeld to me, soz nough I do a hyde.

But soz their aunswear oꝛ elles fourty soz thē & theres proude

Let I tru.

pet go to.

warde the

Citte and

blowe.

Bye the apase and let me haue, agayne an aunswear sone.

And then a non thou shalt well se, what quickly shall be done.

Harrauld.

Let I tru.

pet leaue

soundyng

& let Har.

rauld spe.

ake & Cl.

temnestra

speake o.

mer p wal.

How who is their y kepes the gate giue care my words bnto

Clytemnestra.

what wouldest thou haue harald declare, what hast thou her to do

Harauld.

My master bydes the yeld to him, this citte out of hande,

Oꝛ elles he will not leaue en stane, on other soz to stand.

And all things elles within this towne, he will haue at his wil

As pleasech him by any meapes, to saue oꝛ elles to spill,

What you will now, therefore declare, & aunswere to him send

Clytemnestra.

This



Of Myce

This Citie here against him, and his I will defende,

Barrauld.

Then in his name I do desye, both the and all with in,

Clytemnestra.

By him and his tell him in south, we do not set a pynt.

Barrauld.

If it please your grace this word she sends, she will not yeld to ye
But if you com but to your harme, she sayes that it shalbe.

Horesses.

Sith that my grace and the good will, they on such sozt dispise,
For to destroye both man and chyld, I surely do deuyse.
Com on my men, bend now your sozt, this Citie for to wynt,
Haue no mans lyfe, y once should make, resistance there wint,
And when you shall posses the towne, & haue all things at will,
Looke out my mother but to her, do ye no kynde of yll.
Let her not die, though that she would, desier the death to haue
For other wyse my fathers death, reuengment doth craue.

Sodger.

We shall your helles obaye with speede, oh captayne we desier,
That we were there for to reuenge, our hartes are set on fyre.

Myce.

Lyke men by God, I sweare well sayd, Horesses let vs go,
Powe to thy men lyke manley hart, I praye the for to shewe.
And as thou seist be firme the man, that shall the Citie wynt,
How, how, now for to flye, all ready they begynne.

Horesses.

With lyuely hartes my troumpeters, craunt your tubal sound.
And now my sodgers in your hartes, let courage eke be found.
Com let vs go the godes for vs, shall make an easie waye,
Spare none a lyue for I am bent, to seke their great decaye.

Clytemnestra.

A lack what heaps of myscheces great, me selly wight to ment.
Now is the tyme salune me vpon, which I thought to preuent
Yet best I seke my lyfe to saue, perhappes he will me here,
A lacke reuengment he dothe craue, for slaying his father dere.
If anye sparke of mothers bloud, remaynd within thy byesse,
Oh gracious childe let now thine eares, vnto my words be prest
Pardon I craue Horesses myne, saue now my corpes fro death arme & let

DJ.

Let y ha
raulde go
out here.

Go & ma
ke your li
uely bat
tel & let it
be longe
eare you
can win y
Citie and
when you
haue won
it let Ho
resses by
nge out
his moth
er by the
Let y dzoum

seafe play

ing & the
trumpet,
also when
she is in
he let her
knele do-
wne and
speake.

go out w
on of the
souldiers.

Let Ho:
elles syth
hard.

w:pe but
let Ho:
elles ryle
& bid him
pease.

Let Eg:
Aus enter
& set hys
men in a
raye & let
the drum
playe tyl
Ho:
speakeh.

Of Myce.

Let no man saye that thou wast cause, I yeldyd by my b:ath,
I haue offendyd I do confesse, yet saue my lyfe I praye,
And to they mother this request, o-knight do not denaye,

Ho:
elles.

Foz to repent this facte of thyne, now that it is to late,
Can not be thought a recompence, foz kylling of thy mate.
So haue her hence therfore with speede, & se her sureley kepte,
And foz y fact a foz: thou dydest, thou surley shouldst haue wep:

Myce.

Ray, far you wel, in sayth you haue an answer, get you hence.
Mundes of me I wuld not be, in her cote foz forty pence.
Ray ray, a way far well a dew, now now, it is to late.

When stede is stollen foz you in south, to shut the stable gate.
She should haue wept whe first she went, y king about to Ray,

It makes no matter she soull well, dyd byde her owne decaye
Mundes of me what meane you man, begyn you now to saynt
Jesu god how styll he syttes, I thinke he be a saynt.

O w, you care not foz me, nay sone I haue don I warrant ye

Ho:
elles.

By all the godes my hart dyd sayle, my mother foz to se,
From hys estate foz to be bzought, to so great myserey.
That all most I had graunted lyfe, to her had not this be,
My fathers death whose death in south, this cause of was he.

Myce.

Even as you saye bot harken at hand, Egillus draweth nye.

Who purposeth the chaunce of war, Ho:
elles foz to rye.

Ho:
elles.

And by the godes I purpose eke, my honour to defend,
Com on my men kepe your araye, foz now we do pretend.
Gather to be the conquerer, o: elles to dye in felde,
Lyst by your hartes and let vs se, how ye your bloke can yeld.

Egillus.

Lyke manley men adresse your selues, to get immortall fame,
If ye do slye lo what doth rest, behynde but soull defame.
Strike by your drums let trumpets sound, your baners eke display.
And I my selfe as captaigne, to you well lead the waye.

Ho:
elles.

Thou trayco: to my father dere, what makest the here in feld.

Repent

Of Myce.

Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me straght do yeld.

Egillus.

Thou prynecks boy & bastard slaue, thynks thou me to subdew?
It lyeth not with in thy powre, thou boye I tell the trew.
But yf I take thy corpes, it shalbe a fode: he byzdes to fede.
Stryke bp your droums & sozward now, to wars let vs prosede.

Hozeles.

Oh byllayne traygh toz now y gods, ne moztall man shall saue
Thy corpes fro death for blud for blud my fathers deth doth craue
Oh tyraunt fyse couldest thou boutsafe, my father so to slaye:
But now no sozse for thou hast wrought, at last thine one decay

Egillus.

A lacke a lacke yet spare my lyfe, Hozeles I the praye.

Hozeles.

Thy lyfe: naye traygh toz byle, that chese I do denaye.
For as thou hast deseruyd, so I shall thy face requit.
That once couldest seme to me & mine, for to wozk such dyspyght
Therfoze com sozth and for thy face, receaue dew punnishment
Repent I say this sozmer lyfe, for this is my iudgment.
That for my fathers death, the which we finde the chese to be,
The canser of thou shalt be hanged, where we thy death may se
And as thou for my fathers death, dew punnishment receiue,
So shall my mother in lykewise, for that she gaue the leaue.
Him for to slaye, and eke to it, with good will condysfende,
Therfoze com of and sone dyspatch, that we had made an end.

Egillus.

Ah heauy fate & chaunce most yll, wo woztth this hap of mine,
For giue my saute you sacryd godes, and to my woordes incline
Pour gracious care for canser surst, I was this is most plaine,
Of Agamemnon's death, wherefoze I must recraue this paine.
Pardon I craue, boutsafe ye godes, the same to graunt it me,
Now sodier wozke thy wyll in hast, & praye the harteleg.

Clytemnestra.

Ah heauy fate would god I had in tozmoyle great byn slayne
Dygh nothing can Hozeles hands, fro sheding bloud restraine

Myce.

How chaunce you dyd not the lament his father whē you stow:
But now when death doth you pzeuent, to late ites for to rew.

D.ii.

Clytemnestra. hangeth.

Stryke bp
pour drū,
& fyght a
gōd whil
& then let
sum of E
gillus mē
slye & the
take hym
& let Hoze
les drau
him byo
lentlye &
let y dꝛꝛs
seale.

slay hym
of y later
& then let
en bynge
in his mo
ther Cly
temnestra
bnt let her
loke wher
Egillus
hangeth.

A New Enterlude.

Clytemnestra.

Yet hope I that he will me graunt, my lyfe that I should haue.

Myce.

Euen as much as thou voutsafest, his fathers lyfe to saue,
Therefore com of we must not stay, all daye to wayght on the.
Lo myghtye pynce for whom ye sent, lo present here is he.

Clytemnestra.

Haue mercy sonne & quight remitte, this faute of mine I pray.
Be mercyfull Horesses myne, and do not me denaye.
Consider that in me thou hadest, they be wmayne shap coposid
That thou shouldst slay thy mother son, let it not be disclosyd,
Spare to perse her harte with sword, call eke vnto thy mynd,
Edyppus sate and as Nero, shoue not thy selfe vnkynde.

Horesses.

Take do
wne Egi
ptus and
bear hun
out.

Lyke as a braunche once set a spare, doth cause & tre to bourne
As Socrates supposeth so, a wicked wight doth tourne.
Those that be good and cause them eke, his euell to sequest,
Wherfore the poete Iuuenal, doth thinke it for the beste:
That those that lyue lycentiousley, should bydyd be to payne
And so others that elles would syn, therby they might restrain
For thus he sayeth that Cities are, well gouerned in dede,
Wher punnishment for wycked ones, by lawe is so decrede.
And not decrede but exersysed, in punnyshinge of those,
Which lawe ne pain fro waloing still, in vice their mind dispose.
And as thou hast byn chiefes cause, of yelding by thy breath,
So call to minde thou wast the cause, of Agamemnons death.
For which as death is recompence, of death so eke with the,
For kyllinge of my father thou, now kyled eke shalt be.
This thinge to se accomplisshyd, reuenge with the shall go,
Now haue her hence sieth & you all, my iudgment here do kno

Clytemnestra.

A lacke a lack to drape thy hand, my son from shedding blood,

Myce.

Thou art a foule thus for to prate, this doth Horesses good,
Com on a way thou doubt no more, but him with words molest
A soulyhe foull that thou wart ded, he takes it for the best?

Clytemnestra.

Uncle do
wne.

If euer aney pytie was, of mother plante in the,

Let

Of Wyce.

Let it appeare Horesses myne, and shoue it vnto me.

Horesses.

What pyttle thou on father myne, dydest cursedley bestowe,
The same to the at this present, I purpose soz to shoue.
Therfoze Reuenge haue her a way, and as Iudgment gaue:
So se that she in order lyke, her punishment befo haue.

Wyce.

Let me alone, com on a way, that thou weart out of sight,
A pestelaunce on the crabyd queane, I thinke thou do deligght. Let Cly-
Him to molest, com of in hast, and troubell me no moze, tempestra
Come on com on, ites all in vaine, and get you on a foze, wepe and
go out re-
ueng also

Horesses.

How speth we haue the conquest got, of all our moztall sofe,
Let vs prouide that occasion, we do not chaunce to lose.
Stryke vp your bzoumes soz enter now, we wyll the cittle gate
Foz nolwe relesstaunce none there is, to let vs in there at.

Fame.

As eache man bendes him selfe, so I reposit his fame in bede,
of yll, the yll, thzough farne tryp, his fame both straigh pzoferde: him in a
of good, then good, thzough golden tryp, I blo his lyuely fame: rape.
thzough heauens, thzogh earth, & surgig sease I bere abzod & fame
perhaps what wind me heather bzoues, wthin your mids you muse
From Crete I com to you my frends, I bzing this kind of newse
That Agamemnons bzother is arluyd in this land,
And eke with him his ladye sayze, Quene Helen vnderstand.
Whom soz to se a great frequent, of people thest arpyue,
This newse to shew at this present, me heather now byd bzue.

Wyce.



Be the master, a newe,

No lenger I maye:

A byde by this daye

Horesses now doth reu.

A new master a new,

And was it not yll:

His mother to kyll:

I pray you how saye you:

A new master a new,

enter the
Wyce sin-
ging this
songe.

D. 115.

How

A New Enterlude.

Howe lates to lates
 Who shut the gate?
 How lates gines to rewe.

Fame.

*Denig non paruas animo dati gloria vires:
 Et secunda facit pectora laudis amor.*

As Ouid sayeth I am in dede, the spure to each estate,
 For by my troumpe I often cause the wicked man to hate,
 As spylthep lyfe, and eke I floure, the good moze good to be:
 So much the hart and will of man, is lynked vnto me.

Wyce.

A new master a new, naye I wpll go,
 Tout, tout, How lates is be com a newe man:
 Polu he soroweth to bad that it is so,
 Yet I wpll ozeffe him, by his oundes and I can.
 Who *Sainte amen*. God morrowe myltes pan,
 By his oundes I am glad to se the so trycke,
 Pay may I be so bould, at your lypes to haue a lycke.
 Iesus how coye, do you make the same,
 You neauer knewe me afoze I dare sage:
 In sayth, in sayth, I was to blame,
 That I made no courchey to you by the waye.
 Who berladye pan, thou art trym and gaye,
 Woundes of me, she hath winges also,
 Who whether with a myschefe, doubt thou thinke soz to go?
 To heauen: o: to hell: to pourgatoze: o: spayne?
 To Menys: to pourtugaull: o: to the eylls *Canarey*?
 Pay stay a whyle soz a myle o: twayne.
 I wpll go with the, I sweare by saynt marey,
 Wylt thou haue a bote pan, ouer seay the to carey.
 For yf it chaunce soz to rayne, as the weathers not harde,
 It may chaunce this trym geare of thine, to be marde,

Fame.

Omnia si perdis, famam seruare memento,

Qua semel amissa, postea nullus eris.

A boue eache thinge kepe well thy same, what ener y thou lose
 For fame once gone they memozy, with same a way it gose.
 And it once lost thou shalt in south, accomptyd lke to be,

A

Of Wyce.

A dzoep of rayne that faulph in, the bosom of the see,
 We fame therfore as *Ouid* thinkes, no man hath powre to hold,
 To those with whom I please to dwell, I am moze rich the gold
 What causid som for countris soyle, them selues to perrell cast
 But that the knew that after death, y fame of thers shall last.
 Not on, but all, do me desiare, both good and bad lykewyse,
 As maye appeare yf we perpend, of *Nero*s enterpyse.
 Which first did cause his masters death, & eke wheras he laye
 In mothers wound to se in south, his mother dyd straight slay.
 With this *Horstes* eke takes place, whose father being slayn,
 thzough mothers gile frō mothers blod, his hāds could not refraine
 But lyke as he reuengyd the death, of father in his spare,
 So fathers bzother in lyke sozt, Reuenge hath set on spare.
 For he is gon for to request, the apde of pynces great,
 So soze his hart is set on spare, thzought raging rigours heat.
 What to detarmayne all the kynges, of *Grece* argued be,
 At *Nesores* towne that *Athens* highte, their iudgment to decre

Wyce.

Cundes harte and nayles, naye now I am dyed,
 Is the kinge *Minalaus* at *Athenes* arguede
 And I am be hind? to be packinges the best,
 Least the matter in south, to sone be contriued.
Auxilia humilia firma, consensus facit, this allwayes prouiden:
 What consent makerh suckers most sure for to be,
 Well I wyll be their straght, wayse you shall se,
 Fame.

As *Publius* doth well declare, we ought cheself to se,
 Unto our selues that nought be don, after extremitie.

Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris.

Go out.

For loke what me sure thou dost mente, y same agayne shalbe,
 At other tyme at others hand, repayde agayne to the.
 Wherefore I wyshe eache wight to do, to othrs as he would,
 What they in lyke occasion, unto him offer woulde.
 Well forth I must som newe to hrrs, for same no where cā stay
 But what she heare throughtout y world ezod she doth display
 Prouicion.

Go out.

Make rounne and gyne place, stand backe there a soze,
 For all my speakinge, you presse wll the moze.

D.iii.

¶ Fine

A New Enterlude.

Give come I save quickeley, and make no dallyaunce,
It is not now tyme, to make aney taryvaunce:
The kinges here do com, therfore giue way,
Or elles by the godes, I wyll make you I save.
Lo where my Lord kynge Nestor doth com,
And Horestes with him Agamemnon's sonne:
Menelaus a kyng lyketwys, of great fame,
Make come I save, besore their with shame.

Nestor.

Polix (yeth we be here kynge Menelaus
Unto vs we praye you, your matter to save.
For these prynces here, after they haue perpendyd,
If ought be amys, it shall be amendyd,
But syra prouision, go in haste and set,
Good kynge Idumeus, tell him we are set.

Prouision.

Go out.

Pause a
while till
he be gon
out & the
speak tre-
tably.

As your graces haue wylled, so tend I to do,
I wyll seiche him straght, and bynge him you to.
Horestes.

If ought be amys, the same sone shall be,
If I haue commytted amendyd of me:
But lo Idumeus the good kyng of Crete,
As come to this place, vs soz to mete.

Idumeus.

Enter I,
dumius &
prouision
comming
wth his cap
in his h^{ad}
afore him
& making
waie.

The Gods preserue your graces all, & send you health soz aye.

Nestor.

Well com s^{ir} kinge the same to ye, contynelwalley we pray.

Menelaus.

Two thigs ther is o kings, y moues me thus your apds to pray:
And these be it the which to you, I purpose soz to save.
The one is this where with I synde, my selfe agreuid to be,
That on such sozt my sisters slayne, as all your graces se.
The other is that so her sonne, without all kind of right,
Should to his mother in such case, (I say) worke such dispight.
These two bethey, wherfore I craue, your apds to ioyn wth me:
To the intent of such great ylls, reuengyd I may be.
That thus he dyd be should the state, of all my brothers land,
And se I pray you in what place, the same doth present stand.

His

Of Myce.

His crueltie is such in south, as nether to wet ne to lone,
That letted once his passage, but is brought vnto the ground:
The fatherles he pittied not, where as he euer went.
A yagd wight whose yeres befoze, their youthly poure had spent
The mayd whose parentes at the sege, defending of their right
Was slaine, & same this tyrant hath oppressed thzough his might
The wido & thzough forrayne wars, was left now comfotles,
He spared not, but them & theres, he cruelly dyd tyfres.
Wherfoze sith that he thus hath wrought, as far as I can see,
From Mycane land we should prouid, him erplyd to be.

Protesles.

Syth that you haue accused me, I must my aunswere make,
And here befoze these kings of Grece, this soz my aunswere take
Ouncel that I neuer went, reuengment soz to do,
On fathers sole tyll by the godes, I was comaund there to.
Whose heastes no man dare once refuse, but wyllyngly obaye
That I haue slayne her wylfully, vntruely you do saye.
I dyd but that I could not chuse, ites hard soz me to hycke,
Syth gods commaund as on would say, in sayth against & pyck
In that you say, I sparyd none, your grace full well may se,
That lyttell mercy they supposyd, in south to show to me.
When as they bad me do my worst, requesting them to yeld,
It is no lest when sodpares loyne, to fight within a selde,
Thus I suppose sufficiently, I aunswerd haue to end,
Your great complaynt, the which you so, mightely did defend.

Idumeus.

In dede as Hermes doth declare, no man can once eslew,
The iudgment of god most iust, that soz his lautes is dew.
And as god is most mercyfull, so is he iust lyke wyse,
And wyll coxrect most suerley those, that his heastes dyspysse

Restoz.

As you good kyng Idumeus, haue sayd so lykelysse I,
Do thinke it trew therfoze as nowe, I do him here desye.
That one dare say & he hath wrought, & thing & is not right
Do here my gloue to him I giue, in pledge with him to fyght.
I promys here to proue there by, Protesles nought dyd do,
But that was iust & that the gods, commaunded him there to,
That he is kinge of Mycane land, who euer do deney.

E.f.

A Peto Enterlude.

I offer here my gloue with him, therfore to lyeue and dye.
 If none there be wpll vnder take, his ryghtull to with saye.
 Let vs be frendes vnto him now, my Lordes I do ye praye.
 It was the parte of such a knyght, reuengyd for to be,
 Should Hozelles content him selfe, his father slayne to se.
 No, no, a ryghtuous facte I thinke, the same to be in dede,
 Speeth that it was accomplynt so, as godes be soze decrede,

Penelaus.

In dede I must confesse that I, reuengyd should haue be,
 If that my father had byn slayne, with such great crueltie.
 But yet I would for natures sake, haue spard my mothers lyfe
 O wretched man, o cruell beast, o mortall blade and knyfe.

Idumeus.

Seale of sye kyng leaue moorning lo, nought can it you auayle
 Not with standing be rulyd now, we pray by our counsaile.
 Consider first your one estate, consider what maye be,
 A sopefull mene to endat length, this your calamytie.
 Hozelles he is younge of yeares, and you are somewhat olde,
 And sorrowe may your grace to lone, within her net in folde.
 Therfore ites best you do forget, so shall you be at ease,
 And I am sure Hozelles wpll, indenoze you to please.
 So far as it for him may be, with hono? lese to do,
 He wpll not shynke but wpll consent, your graces bydding to
 For assuraunce of your good wyll, Hozelles here doth craue,
 your daughter saye Hermione, in maryage for to haue.
 Thereby for to contynue wyll, true loue and amytie,
 That ought in sought betwixte to such, indifferant for to be,

Penelaus.

As for my frendshipp he shall haue, the godes his helper be
 Not for my daughters maryage, I can not grant to be.
 She is but yong and much vnset, such holy ryghtes to take,
 Therefore sye kyngs at this present, no aunswere I can make.

Peto.

She is a dame of comley grace, therfore kyng Menelaus,
 Graunt this to vs this stryfe to end, o kyng we do the praye.
 For eache of them a grede be the other for to haue,
 God, he graunt this that at thy handes, so comley we do craue.

Penelaus.



Of Wyce.

O Nobell king what that it were, I could not you denaye,
I must nedes graunt whē nought I haue, against you to repley
Hozettes here befoze these kinges, my sonne I the do make,

Hozettes.

And the o kynge whyle lyfe doth last, so; rather I do take.

Pettoz.

Myght ioyfull is this thinge to vs, and happy so; your state,
Therfoze with speede let vs go hence, the maryage to selepbzate
And all the godes I praye preserue, & kepe you both from wo,
Com on sy; king, shall we from hence, vnto our pallace go.

Penalaus.

As it shall please your grace in dede, so we consent to do,

Idumeus.

And we lykewys ob gracious Prynce; do condissend there to. go out all

Reuenge.

I woulde I were ded, and layde in my graue.

Mundes of me, I am trembley promouted:

Ah, ah, oh, well now so; my laboz, these trynketes I haue:

Whyle you not I praye you, how I am flouted.

A bagge and a bottell, thus am I louted:

Eache knaue now a dayes, would make me his man,

But chyll master them, I be his oundes and I can.

A begginge, a begglinge, nay now I must go,

Hozettes is maryed, god send him much care:

And I Reuenge, am dyquert him fro.

And then ites no maruayll, though I be thus bare.

But peace, who better then beggars doth fare.

For all they be beggares, and haue no great port,

Who is meryer, then the pooyrste sort.

What shall I begge: nay chates to bad,

Is therē neare a man, that a seruauant doth lacke:

Of myne honestye gentle woman, I would be glad:

You to sarue but so; clothes, to put on my backe.

A waye with these rages, from me the shall packe.

What thinke you scozne, me your seruauant to make,

A nother wyll haue me, yf you me so; sake.

Parthaps you all meruayll, of this sodayne mutation,

How sene I was downe, from so hye a degre:

C. ij.

Wyce en-
trich to a
flasse & a
bottell o;
dythe and
waller.

Put of s
beggares
cote & all
thy thynges.

L.

A New Enterlud.

To satisfie your myndes, I wyl vse a perswasion.
 This one thinge you knowe, that on causyd ampte,
 Is vnto me reuenge most contrarey.
 And we twayne to geather, could not abyde,
 Whiche causyd me so sone, from hys state to styde.
 Hoyses and his ouchell, kynge Menalaus,
 Is made such sure frendes, without paradymenture,
 Throught the pollyce, of olde Idumens.
 That as, far as I can se, it is to hard to enter,
 He and thates woyste, when I sought to venture.
 I was dyuen with out comfort, awaye from their gate,
 I was glad to be packinge, for feare of my pate.
 Yet befor I went, my sancey to please,
 The maryage selebryd, at the church I dyd se,
 Whyllinge I was, them all to dysplese:
 But I durst not be so bold, for master Ampte.
 Got by Menalaus, and boze him compagne,
 On the other syde Detwete with Hoyses houre swaye.
 So that I could not enter, by no kynde of waye.
 Well speth from them both, I am bannyshyd so,
 I wyl seke a new master, yf I can him finde:
 Yet I am in good comfort, for this well I knowe,
 That the most parte of swemen, to me be full kynde,
 Yf they saye near a woide, yet I knowe their mynde.
 Yf they haue not all thinges, when they do desiare,
 They wyl be reuengyd, or elles lye in the myare.
 Nay I knowe their qualltyes, the lesse is my care,
 As well as they do knowe, Reuengys operation,
 Ye faull to it good wyues, and do them not spare.
 Nay Ille helpe you forwarde, yf you lacke but perswacion.
 What man a mosse is free, from inuasion.
 For as playnely Socrates declareth vnto vs,
 Whemen for the most part, are bozne malicious.
 Wherhappes you wyl saye, maney on that I lye,
 And other sume I am sure, also wyl take my parte:
 Not withstandinge what I haue sayde, they wyl veryste,
 Ye and do it I wys, in syght of thy hart.
 Yf therfore thou wylt lye quyetlye, after their desart:

Reward

Of Ulysses.

Reward them so shal't, thou bysell their affection,
 And vnto they will, shall haue them in subiection.
 In *Athenes* dwellyd *Socrates*, the phyllosopher deuine,
 Who had a wyfe namyd *Exanyss*, both deuelyshe and yll.
 Which twayne beenge faulne out, byppon a tyme,
 Perhaps cause *Exanyss*, could not haue her will.
 He went out of dozes, settinge there still.
 She cround him with a pypot, and their be
 Was swet to the skynne, moste pytfull to se.
 I praye god that such dames, be not in this place,
 For then I might chaunce neare a mistres to get,
 Pay yf ye anger them, they will laye you on the face,
 Or elles their nayles in your chekes, they will set,
 Pay lyke a rasoz, some of their nayles are whet.
 That not for to pare, but to cut to the bone,
 I count him most happell, that medelles with none.
 Well far you well, for I must be packinge,
 Remembear my wordes, and beare it in mynde:
 What suffer the myll, a while to be clackinge,
 For that you intend, aney ease for to fynde.
 When will they be to you, both louinge and kinde.
 Farwell cosen cutpurse, and be ruled by me,
 Or elles you may chaunce, to end on a tre.

Go out.

Hozesses.

Wyth y the gods haue geuen vs grace, this realme for to posses. Enter
 Which floppeth aboundantly, with gold & great riches. *Hozesses*
 Let vs now se how much the wilds, & minde of all this land, & *Hermi-*
 Is vnto vs and of their state, lykelysse to vnderstand. one *Hob-*
Hermione. lyte and
 I deme of them *Hozesses* myne, that they contentyd be; *Cominy.*
 With humbell hart for to submyte, o kyng them selues to ye, alre truth
 Which herefoze my lone inquisare, their state this pzeasente tyme, & *Deuety*
 And of their hartes good will to vs, o king let them deuene.

Hozesses.

As I do loue the laydye bright, so eke I thynke in dede,
 That loue for loue as equallys, shalbe reward of mede.

Hermione.

The gods neuer pzo longe my lyfe, that day I shall a pearce, Let De

C.ij.

Wo

A New Enterlude.

Truth is To bryake my sayth to the now pleght, my louing lord so dere.
 he & cro- Hozelles.

Com on my Lordes & commons eke, let me now vnderstand,
 their rig- Of all your mindes so; I declare, to know what case this land
 ht hands. Doth now consist vntilate the same, therfore to shew to me,
 And yf that ought be now a myse, amended it shalbe.

Nobelles.

Post regall Prynce we now are boyd, of moztall wars beratiff
 And throug your grace we ar toynd, in loue w euerp nation.
 So y your nobelles may now lyue, in pleasaur state sartaine,
 Deuoyd of wars & ciuill stryfes, whyle y your grace doth raine
 The which you may I pray the god, with happy days and blys
 And after death to send you there, where soules shall neuer mys.

Let truth As syne of our obedyence, lo Deinty doth the Crownd,
 & Deinty And Truth also which doth me bynd, they subiects to be found.

Hozelles.

My Nobels all I gyue you thankes, for this now shewed to me
 And as you haue so eke wyll I, the lyke shew vnto ye.

My comons how gose it w you, your state now let me know,
 Commons.

Where as such on as you do raine, there nedes must riches grow
 We are o king easyd of the yoke, which we haue so desart.

The state of this our common welth, nedes not to be inquart.
 Peace, welth, ioye, and selyestie, o kinge it is we haue,

And what thing is their y which, subiects ought moze to craue
 Hozelles.

Speth all thinges is in so good state, my commons as you saye
 That it may so contynew styll, the sacred godes I praye.

And as to me your trusteynes, shall anye wayes be found,

So styll to mayntayne your estate, I sureley shalbe bound.

And for your saythfull harts, the which you graunted haue to me

Both you my lordes, and commons eke, I thanke you hartely.

Therfore sith time wll haue an end, & now my mynd you know

Let vs giue place to tyme, and to our pallase let vs go.

Nobelles.

We both wll waighe vpon your grace, yf please you to depart

Commons.

Seven when you please to waigh you on I shal w all my hart

Truth,



Of Tyme.

Truth.

A kyngdome kept in Ampte, and boyde of dissention,
He decyppd in him selfe, by aney kynde of waie,
Neither prouoked by woordes, of reprehention,
Nor nedes long contynew, as Truth doth saie.
For dissention and stryfe, is the path to decaye,
And continuinge therein, must be necessite,
Be quight ruinate, and brought vnto myserie.

Deuotey.

Where I Deuotey am neglected, of aney estate,
Their stryfe and dissention, my plat I do supplie;
Cankred mallice ppyde, and debate,
Wherefoze to rest, almeasuris do tye.
When ruin comes after, of these state whereby,
They are bitterly extingwished, leuinge naught behynde,
Whereof so much as their, name we may fynde.

Truth.

He that leadeth his lyfe, as his phansy doth lyke,
Though soze a while, the same he maye hyde:
For Truth, the daughter of Tyme, wyl it seke,
And so in a tyme, it wyl be dyscrede.
Yet in such tyme as it can not, be denyde:
But receaue de to punishment, as god shall se,
For the sayte commytted, most conuenient to be.
As this Royme here hath, made open vnto ye,
Which yf it haue byn marked, much prophete may arse:
For as Truth sayth, nothings wyrtten be,
But soz our learninge, in aney kynde of wyse.
By which we may learne, the yll to dyspse,
And the truth to imitate, thus Truth hath saie:
The which soz we do, I beseech God we maye.

Deuotey.

For your gentle patience, we geue you thanks hartely,
And therefore our deuotey weyed, let vs all praye,
For Elizabeth our Queene, whose gracions matresse:
May rayne ouer vs, in helth for aye,
I praye the god that dwelleth, that each of them maye,
Haue the sayntest grace, while they liue to praye.

go out all
& let truth
& Deuotey
speak.

A Peto Enterlude of Wyce.

In settinge by vertue, and wyce to correcte.

Truth.

For all the Populycie, and spirytualtie, let vs praye,
For Iudges, and head officers, what euer they be:
According to oure boundaunt deuities, espetyally I saye,
For my Lord Maye, kysetennaunt of this noble Cytie,
And for all his bytherne, with the continualltie.
That eache of them, doinge their deuities a ryght,
May after death posses heauen, to their hartes delect.

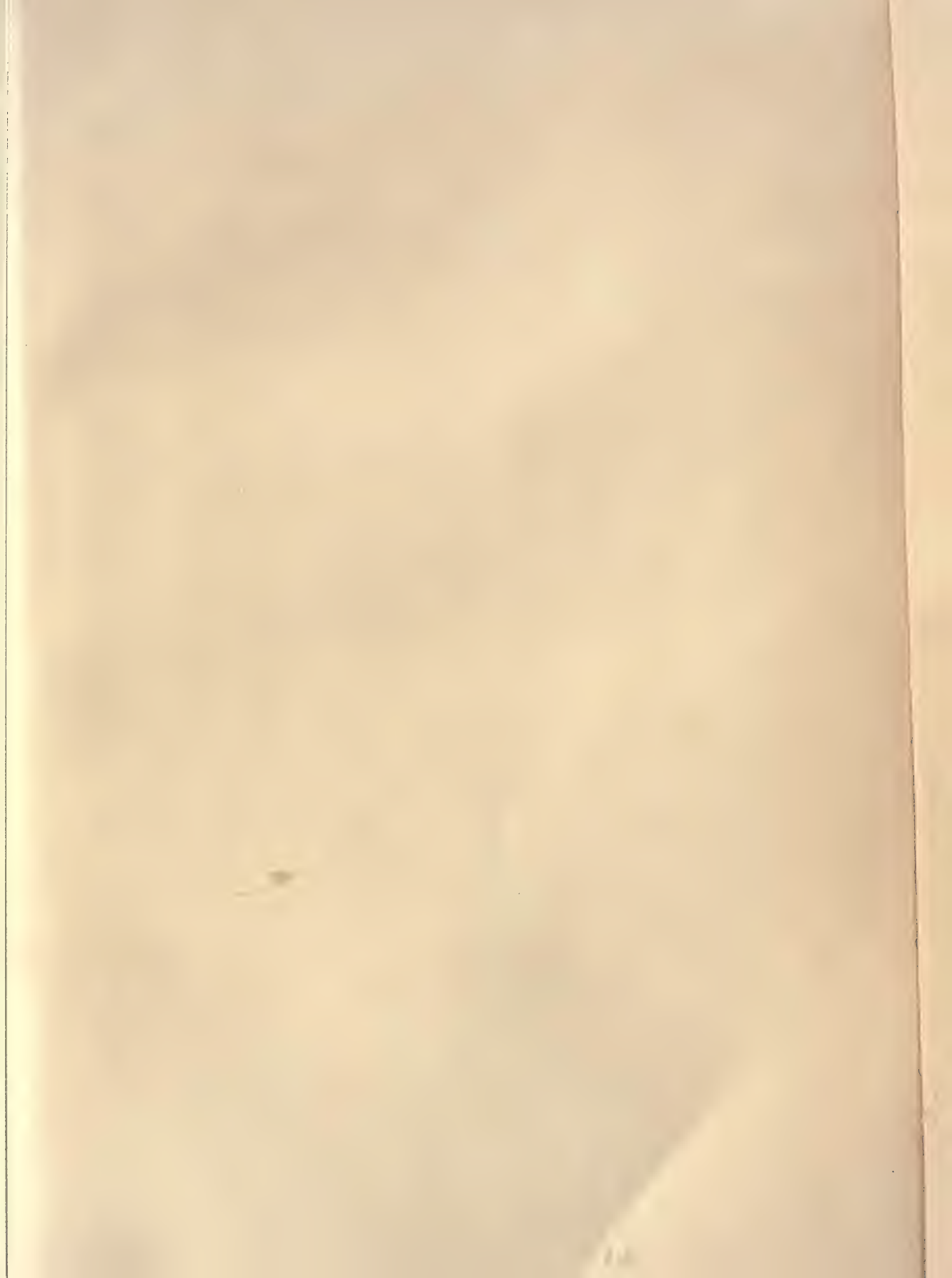
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